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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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Original Poetry.

CHARITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

The streamlet in the forest depth,
Slowly within its channel crept,
No sound it uttered on its way
Save the soft murmurs of its play:
And when with an unwonted leap,
It bounded down some fairy steep,
And now within a transient gleam,
It sparkled with a sunny beam,
And imaged back the stars of heaven
In the pure stillness of the even.
Then where amid the rustling trees,
All laughing came the zephyr breeze;
It ruffled at that breeze's touch
As if it felt his rudeness much;
Like silver thread on velvet laid,
It sparkled o'er a verdant glade,
Then sought again the forest gloom,
Mid glaring light was not its home;
It clad the naked roots with moss,
And washed the pebbles in its course.
The pilgrim rests beside the wave,
His feet all travel-worn to lave:
And the tired deer at noonday heat
Drinketh thy living waters sweet.
What art thou like? oh gentle stream!
What art thou in the poets dream?
As thou thou smilest on thy way?
——Unostentatious charity—
Like thee, how gentle in its source—
Like thee, how beautiful in its course—
Like thee—the music of its tone
Is in the garish world unknown.

Orange, December 4th, 1843.

Prize Story.

MARIE DUPONCEAU.
A Legend of the Revolution.
CONTINUED.

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL, &c."

CHAPTER SECOND.

No words followed, after Duponceau had so positively expressed his opinion, except that the younger of the two negroes, whom the Frenchman had addressed as Charles, having rechristened him so, when he purchased him, in place of Cato or Marc Antony, or some of those superb and sounding appellations, which are commonly allotted to the race, touching his hat, and grinning, asked leave for himself and Louis, to go down with their guns to look after the fugitive; or at least to fetch up the boat from the spot, at which he had forsaken her, nearly a mile below the house, and just at the turn of the river.

"No! no!" replied the old man, "no! no! boy, that will not do at all. For, in the first place, you and Louis would be for following that young fellow, miles away into the mountains, and, just as like as not, blazing away at him with your rifles, just for the sake of hearing yourselves make a noise—and secondly, because, if any thing should fall out, we shall want you and your guns at home. So now go back into the kitchen and get your suppers; and then see that you clean those tools, and put a stout new handle to the axe—and when that's done, you, Charles, come in and I will give you some new twine for the net you are making; and you will cast the lead I set out for you in the morning, into sinkers, as I showed you. As soon as it is light to-morrow, we will set forth, and see if we cannot learn something more about it. Come, girl, it is growing cold out here!"

And at the word, throwing his arm affectionately round his fair child's waist, he hurried through the low door-way into a broad and airy hall, or entrance, which ran directly through the principal building, and gave access to a smaller hut, or cottage, in the rear abutting on the very rocks themselves, which contained the kitchen and the sleeping room of the men servants. Nothing can be conceived more perfectly and beautifully neat, than this small entrance; the walls, or partitions rather, formed in large pannels of the wood of the black cherry, were polished almost as brightly as the famous oak wainscots of old England—the ceiling was whitewashed freshly, and the floor, where it was not covered by a gay, many colored rag carpet of home manufacture, as cleanly scoured as the table of many a substantial yeoman. The furniture consisted only of two long settles of black walnut wood on either side; a huge old eight day clock, and a scarcely less large or old barometer, which faced one another midway the length of the passage. A stand of flowers in gaily decorated earthen pots, growing with such luxuriance as to prove the assiduity of the hand that fostered them, an ancient spinning-wheel and distaff, and two long ducking guns, hung ready loaded upon hooks in the pannelling, completed the picture.

From this neat vestibule, after he had secured the door, which was of very great strength, with two massive bolts, the old man followed Marie into the principal room or parlor of the dwelling; and this, though remarkably old fashioned and even singular in its details, had a warm, comfortable old country look about it, such as we rarely find in the dwelling of frontiersmen, too enterprising and impatient to devote much time to those in-door improvements, the luxury of which they never have appreciated, and of which, therefore, they miss not the absence. Its walls, like that of the entrance hall, were made and finished with domestic woods, but here the ingenious Frenchman had given much time, in the dreary winter evenings, when there was nothing else to do, to decoration and neat finish. The cornices, wash-boards, and transoms being formed of the beautiful black walnut, and the pannels of the yet more beautiful bird's-eye maple, all polished as highly as can be done by dint of wax, and continual rubbing. Over the mantle-piece, which was of walnut also, hung a well executed picture of the eldest Duponceau, the great grandfather of Marie, in his steel cap and corslet, as when he led his Huguenots against the persecuting troops of Louvois, and under it two long and highly finished rapiers in steel scabbards, the weapons of the grim old leader, who frowned above; and of the father of the present Duponceau. The floor was covered with a much worn, but still soft Turkey carpet, and several other articles of furniture—especially a huge old Indian *armoire*, inlaid with tortoise-shell, with huge brass locks and hinges, a secretaire of black ebony with nests of secret boxes, and an innumerable array of little drawers, a liquor case, or cellaret, all covered with arabesques of brass, and a mahogany round trivet-table covered with a piece of tapestry—betrayed indisputably their origin in lands beyond the sea. The other tables, of which there were two, one opposite the fire-place, and one below the windows, beside that in the middle of the room on which preparations had been made for supper, were strewed with books and drawings, a work-box or two, with reels of many-colored silk, and an unfinished piece of embroidery; and in a corner closet, made of black walnut in an ambitious moment, as if to keep the tall *armoire* in countenance, were displayed one or two small silver cups and an old-fashioned tankard, with several Flemish drinking glasses, an ostrich's egg, and several of those curious Indian shells, which were sought with so much avidity by the European navigators; and which, it may be, had come into the family as long ago, as in the times of their connexion with the rebellious Rochellois.

The contrast, however, was most curious between these over-sea luxuries and curiosities, and the commonness, or perhaps coarseness were a fitter word, of all the utensils and articles of daily use. The fire-irons, and the dogs, on which a pile of hickory logs was blazing merrily, were of the rudest iron manufacture that can be fancied, resembling the work of some common country blacksmith, and he of the meanest! The cloth which covered the supper board was white, indeed, as the driven snow, and redolent of mint and thyme and other sweet herbs, with which it had been stowed away in the great linen chest, but it was of a material so coarse that it would have scarcely been rasalted for the main royal of a modern cruiser. The plates and dishes were of the cheapest delft ware, and the tall candles, home manufactures, by the way, made from the wax of the native wild bee, which so swarms in the rocks and hollow trees of those wild glens, were in the cheapest brazen candlesticks. But cheerful was the light of those tall yellow candles, merry the glare of the blazing fire, and savory was the smell of the delicious viands spread with profuse abundance on the hospitable board—there was a venison steak, with fat two inches deep, hot and still hissing from the gridiron—there was a noble bass, or rock-fish, such as in these degenerate days, would serve an angler for a year's boasting; there were fresh eggs, and rich fried ham; and butter such as that which Jael brought to Sisera, though not *here* in a lordly dish; and cranberries preserved with maple sugar; and bread of rye and wheat, and Indian cakes, and bowls of fragrant milk, and a huge pitcher of clear sparkling cider—for in those days the luxuries of tea and coffee, though commoner here than on the continent of Europe, were luxuries for the most part confined to large cities, not as now, the necessaries of all ranks of life, and of all places, how remote or rude soever.

Such was the table spread out in the wilderness for the descendant of the Norman noble—such the meal, before tasting which he folded his hands, and with eyes turned reverently upward, proceeded, in a long calvinistic grace, for he was the strictest of his sect, to return thanks to his Lord and Maker; and to partake of which, his long-winded benediction over, he pressed his daughter, with as much of ceremonious courtesy, as we should now think it enough—nay, but superfluous!—to bestow on an utter stranger; while by her young mistress' elbow the dingy serving maid, Diane, with a voluminous tow-apron as clean as every thing else about the building—that is to say, as clean as it is possible for anything to be made by dint of soap and water—bustled and fidgetted about, replenishing the plates, and filling up the glasses, as if she had a personal interest in the matter; as certainly she would have felt herself aggrieved, if any deficiency of appetite on the part of either Duponceau or Marie had appeared to cast an implied slight upon the produce of her culinary labors. Nothing, however, of the kind occurred to excite the sable damsel's indignation. Father and daughter both applied themselves to their evening meal, with that honest zest which is the fruit and the reward of exercise and labor. Still, be the appetite as good as it may, and the meats as tempting, the time needs must come, when both will lose their effect—for a few moments, conversation flagged between the two; but, those few moments passed, they began to discuss the events of the evening, to form conjectures concerning the possible causes, concerning the persons engaged in a scene of violence and strife, so utterly at variance with the calm routine of their quiet lives—for it must be observed, that, although but a few miles removed from the places where great events were occurring daily, almost within the sound of cannon shot of battle-fields, the upper Delaware lay quite aloof from the line of action, and the track of armies. Of one fact, both were certain, that all the parties were entire strangers to the locality, and that by no one of the men engaged had the existence of the house been discovered. This would, at first glance, have appeared absurd and utterly impossible—the direct course taken by the fugitives, and, above all, the readiness with which they found the hidden boat—the only boat within nine miles, upon the Jersey shore, as Duponceau insisted, would have gone far to prove their knowledge of the ground—while to suppose that *they* had not perceived the cottage, whose every motion had been watched by its inhabitants would naturally appear impossible—and yet the father and the daughter—the one a shrewd, keen witted and observant, and therefore most suspicious, woodsman, and the other a quick, but inexperienced girl, agreed that the very thing, which seemed impossible, was certain and unquestionable.

The point, just to the north of which the cottage stood, ran out a little way into the Delaware; and, the land above it and below both trending to the westward, those standing on its vine-embowered portico could, partially unseen themselves, see much that passed below them. The garb of the fugitives was half military; and both, though neither spoke it openly, suspected British! Had the survivor, being American, observed the house he would have fled to it for shelter—had the pursuers seen it, they would have hailed their fellow countrymen, to intercept the flying foeman! The mind of old Duponceau was made up on the moment—it was a British officer accompanied by a scout, who having fallen in with a hostile party had been pursued, out of his course, and taken to the river merely as a barrier between himself and his enemies—the scout had guided him—they had kept close to the margin hoping to find a ford—the enemy pressing them close, they had naturally taken to the thickest dingle for protection, and had thus blundered on the boat, which had proved the death of the one, and, for the moment, the salvation of the other—the scout, who knew the country, having fallen, the officer, having no guide or land marks, had rushed headlong and blindly into the nearest covert, "and there," thought Duponceau within himself, "there shall I find him at day break to-morrow."

The only thing that puzzled him at all, was the conduct of the pursuers—they were Americans—of that he was certain from the dress and general bearing of the men. They were not Indians—though he could not discern their color at nearly a mile's distance, and all the time in the midst of trees and bushes—for had they been so, they would have seen the house, and if they did not choose to mark it, they would have swam the river trusting to knife and tomahawk against one wounded man—the same things went to prove that they were not woodsmen. Woodsmen would have perceived, and hailed, the house. But, had they been British soldiers, in disguise, chasing a patriot; that patriot, even if he had not perceived the building, would at the least have known his line, and so turned up, not down the stream. Besides the dress precluded this conjecture. It must not be supposed that all this was distinctly spoken; or that any argument took place, but such was the train of secret reasoning by which the old man came to his conclusions, and, from a portion of that train, Marie had satisfied herself that neither party had any knowledge of their whereabouts, and that none of the persons implicated were to be dreaded in the least degree as enemies.

Beyond this, her intelligent and somewhat romantic mind, having jumped, woman like, to conclusions which her father had reached only by a sort of internal cross-examination, had taken a step farther, and actually concocted a story, with a plot, a hero, a catastrophe, and for the hero a wounded, persecuted, and of course chivalric, warrior of those old countries, from which she drew her blood, and of which she had heard so much. Her reading had been in good part old romance, old poetry, and old polemics—and Scuderi and Calprenede had found the kindliest soil, and stricken root the deepest. Their meal, however, ended, as I said long ago, and shortly afterward their conversation also and conjectures; and, while Marie took a book quite unconcerned, and quietly sat down to read, the old man, as unconcernedly took up his hat and whistling to the mastiff walked out into the entrance, closing the door behind him; then making as little noise as possible he reached his rifle with its appropriate horn and pouch, and, sauntering into the kitchen, chatted for a few seconds with the negroes; after which, almost unobserved, he passed out into the still and smoky night to reconnoitre what was passing.

There was no moon; but the sky was altogether pure and cloudless; and myriads of bright stars were sparkling aloft; and, if it had been clear below, one might have seen all objects nearly as distinctly as by daylight. But it was not clear—not that it was in the least degree dense or foggy—at twenty—thirty—nay a hundred yards—distance all was apparently as clear and vivid, as noonday. Look upwards!—no veil—no not of the thinnest mist appeared to dim the starlight—but it was Indian summer; and, as there ever is in Indian summer—a thing quite incomprehensible to Europeans, and therefore indescribable—there was a filmy purplish veil—not mist, nor fog, nor murkiness, nor any thing resembling any one of them—which wrapt all the near distance in a sort of gleamy doubtful indistinctness. No smoky vapor appeared to surge up from the waters; and yet there was a vapor—the hills, above its influence, loomed bold and black against the starlit sky—and the sky glistened clear above them—yet the hills cast no shadow, nor reflection, on the water; nor did the starry sky enlighten it. Such was the night—they are fifty such, every autumn; and we observe, and yet do not notice them—there was not one breath of air—and all was still—not silent—for the voice of the rapids surged up, as the hills loomed heavily—close by, they seemed to sound from a distance, deadened by the dull weight of the atmosphere. The old man looked abroad, and listened—he saw nothing—absolutely nothing unusual or strange—yet there was something which, as he looked more narrowly, he did not see as he thought he ought to have seen it. The shadow of the great Pennsylvania mountain—was not quite deep enough above the point, round which the river winds so sharply—the more he looked, the less he was satisfied—he listened, but there was no sound.

He climbed the ledges of the rocks behind his cottage—aye! he was right—there was not only an absence of the right degree of shadow, but there was positively a dim diffused lustre—it can scarce be called a light. He mounted into the loft of the saw-mill, and, from that height, the light itself—the fire kindled among the brushwood of which, two hundred feet below, he had but seen the glimmering reflection above the tree tops, was now distinctly visible. So! the pursuing party not daring to attempt the swollen river by that mountain twilight, had encamped there, waiting for morning—but, it may be, the fire was but a lure, and that they were, ere now, leagues aloof—not so! even while he looked it flashed up freshly, and a slight cloud of fire-tinged smoke surged up above the forest. "Pshaw! they are but militia!"—the old man muttered to himself, as he descended—"town-bred, and trained militia! Now if I were an Indian, with some dozen of my tribesmen at my side, with but flint-headed arrows and stone hatchets, such as they say they used of old, it would not be much risk to win their scalps! And they are here pursuing! Heaven help them! A child of five years old, forest-bred, would laugh at such pursuers. Well! they are safe enough! and so are we,—and so good night to them! But by my faith! if it were not for frightening Marie, I would just let my rifle off, to see how it would rouse them. Why—now that I think of it—their fire must be close by the river bank: it is so! and scarce a bush between them and the stream! If that lad has but half an eye, or knew one jot of woodcraft, he could drop, just as easily as not, a bullet into the midst of them. Well! well! he's many a mile away ere this time, I suppose; or otherwise he is hit so hard that he has work enough to do to move at all—poor lad! poor lad! that was a dear shot too!—however, I'll to bed!" And with the words, he lowered himself gently to the ground, descended the steep cliffs, and returned to the house, mixing himself so naturally into the conversation of the servants, and thence gliding back to his daughter, with an air so placid, that his brief absence was not observed by any of the household.

His fair child, as he entered the little parlor, was sitting by the hearth with her back turned toward the door, so that she did not at first see him, and he paused there for a moment looking at her with a sort of fond parental admiration, and listening to her song, for she was singing to her gittern one of those fine old stirring Huguenot Psalm tunes, which might have sounded amid the clash of arms, and the deep bass of thundering cannon in the dread conflicts of the League, and perchance swelled the triumphant echoes of Argues and Ivry. He paused for a moment, and then drawing near rather suddenly, laid his hand upon her shoulder, and, as she started up half-frightened, caught her in his arms, and clasping her to his bosom, "bless you," he cried, "Heaven bless you, my sweet daughter;" and held her there for a few seconds overcome with emotion—"my only hope and comfort. I know not what would befall me, were aught of ill to light on thee, my Marie."

"Why, father," exclaimed the little girl, alarmed by the unusual manner of the old man—"why, father, what is the matter? what should befall me? Have you heard anything, or seen anything, that portends danger?"

"Nothing, my Marie—in truth, nothing; though I have been abroad with my gun, and old Fidele; and listened carefully, and spied out everything. But, though I cannot tell you wherefore, there is a dull and heavy weight upon my spirit, such as I felt before your blessed mother died, and then again before my mother fell sick in that deadly autumn. But let us go to prayer, and He in his good providence will guard us." Suiting the action to the word, he summoned his black servants, and with a grave and calm humility performed his nightly orisons in presence of his household, and then desiring the men to be astir betimes in the morning, dismissed them to their beds. But ere he himself retired,—"Marie," he said half doubtingly, "where is my grandfather's small telescope? You have it, I think, somewhere, and I would wish to use it for a moment ere we go to our pillows."

"Here it is," she replied, jumping up almost before he had finished speaking, and reaching it from one of the compartments of the Indian cabinet; "but for what can you want it—for what at this time of night, dear father? Oh! I am sure that there is something terrible about to happen."

"Indeed there is not, Marie," answered Duponceau, coolly; "think you I would have bid the negroes go to sleep, had I anticipated any danger? No! but there is a fire kindled down on the point yonder, at the great turn of the river, on the Jersey shore; kindled, no doubt, by those men whom we saw at sunset—they are our countrymen, Americans I mean, and of the native party doubtless, and therefore nothing is to be apprehended from them—but still I would like to look a little closer at them and see if they are still there round their logs, or if meditate a night march. Come—we will go look together from the portico; and you shall hold my rifle while I point the glass."

And with the word he unbarred the front-door of the cottage, and opening it merely so far as to suffer himself and his daughter to pass out edgewise, casting as little light as possible into the heavy gloom, advanced to the front of the little sheltered platform; where, easily finding the proper focus of the glass, he turned it to the suspected spot, and instantly addressed Marie in a suppressed and cautious whisper. "I have it," he exclaimed, "I have it—there is the fire and one, two, nay three figures moving round it. *Ma foi!* but I believe they are about to march: no! no! one has lain down again, and there goes the second—but the third walks to and fro, as sentinel over the sleepers; now I can see the barrel of his musket flash red in the firelight. Ha! what was that!"—he interrupted himself as a sudden splash was heard in the water not very far from the outlet of the little mill-stream; "give me the rifle—quick, girl, quick! here, take the glass. Into the house with you, and hold the door in hand! and, look you, reach down both the duck guns!"

This he said in a quick low whisper, for, while he was yet speaking, the same sound was twice audible, and each time nearer than the former. As soon, however, as he saw that his instructions were fulfilled, the old frontiersman stooped to his hands and knees, and crawled down with a slow and tailsome motion to the very edge of the water, where he ensconced himself behind a tuft of rushes, with the muzzle of his long deadly rifle protruded, threatening sure death to the invader of his little territory. Again, and again, and again, at regular and measured intervals, came that low, half-heard, cautious plash; and now it needed not the certain ear and unerring judgment of Duponceau, to be assured that a canoe cautiously paddled close in shore, to avoid the violence of the stream, was approaching.

"There is but one man in it—or at least but one paddle," muttered Duponceau, listening more intently, as the sound drew nigher—and in a minute or two the little vessel shot before him, manned as he expected, by one person only; who, lying, as he did himself, flat on the ground, was brought into relief by the background of glimmering water. "Hallo! friend—you row late!" he cried in tones so pitched that they might reach the ear of the man who paddled, without any possibility of alarming those on the point—"turn your canoe in hither, or I fire!"

Then seeing that at his hail, though evidently startled by the sound, the stranger made not the slightest motion to obey, but rather plied his paddle faster, as if to escape—he rose up to his full height, levelling his rifle, as he did so, within twelve yards, at the utmost computation, of the fugitive; and challenged louder than before: and this time, in the excitement of the moment, he spoke in French as the more familiar language, although before he had used the tongue of the land he lived in. "*Alle la! alte donc! ou pardieu! je donne feu, et je ne manque pas coup jamais—alte! qui va la?*"

"*Un ami, et un Francois,*" returned the other in the same language, to the no small surprise of Duponceau, and at the same moment the boat's head was turned shoreward, and pushed rapidly into the landing—"*Un Francois, ceroint et blesse.*"

"*Bienvenu!*" cried the old man—"welcome, welcome my fellow-countryman!" and, though he still kept hold of his rifle, in readiness for action, should there be any treachery in the case, he extended his hand, and catching the bow of the canoe, pulled it ashore, and helped the paddler to step out upon the little dock. Half a glance satisfied him fully of what he had already more than suspected, that the stranger was the same person whose narrow escape he had witnessed just after sunset; and the next showed him that he was, beyond all doubt, an officer of the staff of the young Marquis Lafayette, who had been for some time warring in the cause of freedom, by the side of Washington. "And in truth, then, you are a Frenchman?" he said after a little pause, but in a voice that implied rather an assertion than a question.

"In truth I am," returned the other,—"In truth I am, God be thanked for it! and you?"

"I also, am all French *here*," replied the old man, laying his right hand with something of a theatrical gesture, on his heart, while he drew his tall sinewy person to his full height—"and you are then alone?" he added, casting a scrutinizing eye into the bottom of the bark canoe.

"Unfortunately, yes," returned the soldier, seeing that those accursed militia-men have shot poor Pierre, this evening, and wounded me too, not a little, in two places. I bleed yet!"

"Come in then—come in quick," cried the hospitable frontiersman, "Marie shall staunch the bleeding in a moment; and you must get some supper, and a good night's repose, and for the rest, I dare say we can put you on your way to-morrow."

"Willingly, fellow-countryman," answered the young man gaily, "right willingly shall I accept your kindness; but we must manage somehow or other to throw these Jersey riflemen off their reckoning, or else they will spoil all the sport. They are all down on the point yonder."

"Yes! yes! I know—I know it all," replied the old man, rather testily, "but we cannot stay talking here all night—come this way, come in, and we'll settle it all presently"—and with the words he led him to the door, and tapping gently with his hand, "open," he said—"it is I, Marie, open—but blow the lights out in the entrance"—a quick light step was heard within; for a moment, moving about, and then the door was thrown open, and they entered. "Here, Marie," cried the old man, very joyously, "here I will shew you, what you never have seen yet—a true-born Frenchman! He is wounded too, and tired and hungry,"—show him the way into the parlor, while I make the bolts fast."

The fair young girl obeyed—and it would be a difficult thing, to say which was the most astonished, the young soldier, to find elegance and comfort, and not a little even of the luxuries of life, in the heart, as he deemed it, of the wilderness; and, yet more, to behold a peasant girl of a beauty that would have been esteemed no less than admirable in the first Parisian circles, and endowed with manners that would not misbecome a princess—or Marie, who never in her life had beheld a better specimen of manhood, than the young hardy, but rough-mannered woodmen of the neighborhood, to behold an elegant, accomplished, handsome gentleman, clad in the full and rich costume of a French officer—with a blue velvet forage cap, set jauntly upon his soft black curly hair, and a fine hunting-shirt of dark-green broadcloth, adorned with yellow fringes, worn over his blue uniform, of which the embroidered collar only, with the black military stock, were left uncovered by the upper garment—a broad rich sash of crimson silk was folded round his waist and into it were stuck a long gold-mounted dagger and a fine brace of pistols. His lower limbs were clad in stout buckskin breeches, with leggins of the same material, gartered with highly ornamented thongs, all worked with porcupine quills and wampum—but he wore strong ancle-shoes of European manufacture, in the place of moccasins—his only other weapon, beside the dirk and pistols at his waist, was the short, heavy ounce ball rifle, which had already done so good execution. He was a tall and admirably made man of some eight and twenty years, athletic and broad-shouldered, and round-chested, yet rather slight than bulky; and, although sinewy and strong, framed for deeds, rather of activity than strength. He was, however eminently handsome—dark-skinned, but of a clear bright olive, without a shade of color in his face—his eyes were as bright as the wild Norway falcon's, of a deep liquid hazel—his hair and whiskers, black as jet, and clustered in close curly masses. He wore a small and trimly cut moustache; and the whole outline of his face and head, and every separate feature, was classical and clearly chiselled, and full of a fine proud expression, and of that *air noble*, which is so peculiarly the property of the highly bred, if not of the highly born. In the shoulder of his right sleeve, there was a small and nearly circular rent, and from it a long stream of blood had flowed down his arm, and seemingly become quite dry and stiff; but late exertions had probably caused the wound to break out again; for a fresh current was trickling over the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and even dripping on the carpet; another tear, and two or three broad splashes of the same dingy crimson, were visible upon the outer side of his left thigh.

"*Mon mon Dieu!*" cried the frightened girl, "you are much hurt—come, sit down by the fire, and pull off that hunting frock, and your coat—I will run and fetch cold water, and some linen bandages. Heavens! how you bleed! how you bleed!" and away she flew, with all the rapid energy of a young generous nature, impatient of looking upon sufferings, which she could not relieve. In the meantime Duponceau entered; and it would seem he had been thinking deeply, and that the result of his thoughts were not wholly satisfactory; for there was a gloomy frown upon his dark and shaggy brows, and he spoke the moment he came in, and that without any of the friendly manner he had exhibited before.

"How is this?—how is this? I do not understand. You are a Frenchman—a friend of the people—a friend of liberty—of America?—is it not so?"

"Without doubt," answered the other, "I am called the Count de Espinasse, and I came hither with my friend, the young Marquis Lafayette!"

"Then how is it I find you flying from American militia—wounded by them, and bleeding by their bullets? besides, I saw you shoot one of them, with my own eyes. How is this?—there is something strange here—this must be told."

"Aye! must it?" said the soldier, in a musing voice. "My faith! since Pierre is dead, I believe it must! But you, how shall I know that you are faithful?"

"I don't know," answered Duponceau, "except that I shall detain you here a prisoner, and send you into the lines at Philadelphia, as a deserter, if you do not make me understand. Do you see?"

"As a deserter!" said the other, with a sort of half smile. "By heaven! I shall be shot if you do!"

"You ought to be hanged, rather—*sacre Dieu!* I am sorry I let you into my house! Take those things away, Marie," he interrupted himself, as his daughter came in with the dressings for their guest's wounds, "take them away, I tell you, he is a cursed villain! a spy! a deserter!—*Par Dieu!* I don't believe he is at all a Frenchman!"

"But think of it," said L'Espinasse, "I came into your house by your own invitation! I am your guest—you will not surely deliver me up to death! besides, see here—here are a hundred golden Louis. None of your *assignats*—your worthless paper—but the right chinking metal—hide me here only three days, and then send me forward to the British lines at Saratoga, and these shall be yours!"

"*Scelerat!*" shouted the old man, now truly furious. "I was right—he is not a Frenchman—here, call me Charles and Louis—we will take him over the river and give him to the Jerseymen to-night—offer to bribe me! me, a Norman!"

"Hold, sir!" replied the count, quite coolly, "I am satisfied—hold, mademoiselle, it is unnecessary to call any one. Promise me, you monsieur, to hold what I shall now tell or show you, strictly secret, provided it can do no evil to the country or the cause—nay, sir! but you must *swear* to it, or you shall take me to the devil if you will—and you, young lady, must leave us for a short space; not that I would not tell you quite as soon as monsieur, your father—but I am interdicted, under any case, from trusting more than one person at a time—and Pierre is dead, poor fellow, and I have now no choice."

His request was complied with; Marie, smothering her curiosity, left them alone; Duponceau took the oath, and then L'Espinasse said,

"Now, to be brief, I am the bearer of intelligence of vast import to General Gates, who commands the northern army; and as the enemy lies between us and Saratoga, and it would be quite too long to travel round, I undertook to pass through the enemy's lines for that purpose,—and, in order to do so, I deserted to General Howe yesterday morning, with a French negro, to guide me, who knows all the country. In order to deceive Howe the more completely I have about me many papers, seemingly of importance, to deliver up to him; and in pursuance of the plan, I wounded myself in the thigh here; and went over the Delaware to the Jersey shore, in broad daylight, and under fire from our soldiers. Unluckily, when I was within two miles of Brunswick, we fell in with this party who pursued us, and were very nearly taken by them. We have, however, thus far contrived to escape them; though in crossing the river here one of them shot poor Pierre, and I know nothing of my route any further. If I am taken, all the time and labor will be lost, and I shall be shot likewise for a deserter—for, in that case, Washington will not find it expedient to admit that he ordered me to act as I have done, since that would open all our plans to the English!"

"Mighty fine, all this,—mighty fine, indeed!" answered Duponceau—"but how am I to know that there is a word of truth in it?"

"Thus!" said the count, and unbuckling his bullet-pouch he opened it, and poured out all the balls on the table, some forty-five or fifty in number. About half of these were sewed up in greased patches of kid-leather, ready to be forced down the barrel without the least delay.

"That's a good plan, *par Dieu*," exclaimed the old woodman, his interest being directed for the moment from the stranger's story, by what appeared to him an improvement in the art of gunnery. "But what makes all those other balls so bright and silvery? they do not look like lead!"

"They are not lead," answered the soldier, "they are more than half tin—it makes them harder, though not quite so heavy; but look here," and with the word he selected two, which were perhaps a trifle larger than the rest, though not perceptibly so; and after a moment's trouble unscrewed each of them into two halves, for they were hollow, and of silver. From the first he took out a slip of paper endorsed "To his excellency, General Horatio Gates, of the Northern Army," and running thus:—"Whatever intelligence the bearer, Count L'Espinasse, give to you, trust it implicitly."—"George Washington." The other was addressed "To any friend of America," and contained these words:—"We request every friend of his country and the cause of freedom, to assist the bearer in whatever he may require," and was signed, "George Washington"—"Lafayette."

"These, I presume, will satisfy you," added the youth. "Fully, my dear friend, fully! but why did you not show them me at once?"

"You will pardon me, I am sure monsieur Duponceau, but you must remember that we are still strangers."

"No! no! friends, friends!" cried the enthusiastical old man catching him in his arms, and embracing him. "Here, put these things away, and I will call Marie."

This was soon done, and in a very little while the wound in his shoulder, which had been cut by the deep graze of a bullet—it luckily had not entered—was dressed, and supper prepared a second time by the servants who were awakened, and charged to keep strict silence concerning the presence of the stranger, Duponceau vouching readily for their good faith. "The truth is, monsieur le comte," he said, "in these wild valleys we do not see any one with whom to gossip above once a week, at most, and before that, I'll have you far enough away. Why, bless you! you're beyond all the English posts a long way now—and I can put you over the river, and guide you to a little village in the hills, where I can have you led among the mountains, all the way to West Point—that is the most direct way—and there you can take a barge or a sloop to Albany. The only trouble will be to throw these militia-men on a wrong scent; and I will set about that now. Charles! Charles! come hither—now, Monseigneur, be good enough to take off your shoes—we will replace them with a pair of moccasins to-morrow. Here, Charles, take these—get into the canoe, which lies at the little dock, and paddle it down, quite close to this shore—and hark you! take care not to make a bit of noise—there are those soldiers, whom we saw at sunset on the Jersey point, and you must not disturb them, or let them hear you, for your life!—do you understand?"

"Yes, master," grinned the faithful black, delighted at being admitted thus to confidence. "Yes, master, I understand, very well; but where shall I paddle it to?"

"To the place where you saw Monsieur, run it ashore this evening. Do you remember quite well where that was, Charles—quite well, so you will be sure to make no mistake?"

"Yes! it was between the round gray stone, they call Hanses' Knob, and the old oak-tree stump. Yes! I can find it, sartain!"

"Well—paddle down to that place, run it ashore, and leave it there. And then before you step ashore put on these shoes, and make as many foot-prints as you can, and as plain to be seen—and go round the rocks to the hill top above the house, and keep going round and round, till you strike the mill-brook any where, and follow it up to where the broad flat table-rock comes down on the south side of it, and the wet cow-path on the north. Muddy the bottom of the shoes well there, and leave two or three foot-prints on the rock—then take them off and bring them home in your hand, leaving your own barefooted tracks all down the cow-path—but you must walk barefooted all across the flat rock, and strike the path quite at the south end by the dead pine-tree; so that if they find your trail, as they will, they may think it has nothing to do with the track of Monsieur's shoes at all. I will leave the door in the rear, on the latch; so that you can come in without disturbing any body. And, mind, if any one ask you any questions, you must stick to it you have seen nothing, nor heard anything at all since the brush and the firing on the river last night."

The negro grinned, and nodded, and was leaving the room when Duponceau called him back, and desired him to take a piece of cloth and muffle the paddle blade, but to be sure to bring the cloth back with him. All things thus far arranged, and supper ended, the young count was conducted to a neat small bedchamber, where he found every comfort that soft down pillows, and clean sweet linen, and above all a frame so fatigued and weary as rendered sleep inevitable, could afford to one, whose mind and body equally had been quite overstrained and harassed by two days of the most constant and most wearisome exertion.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

GIRLS AND SECRETS.—The poet Crabbe has the following libellous lines, concerning the loveliest of the sexes:

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise;
To show how trusted, they their power display;
To show how worthy, they the trust betray;
Like pence in children's pockets secrets lie
In female bosoms—they must burn or fly.

From the Magazines.

LOVE'S FIRST STEP IS UPON THE ROSE.—A BALLAD.

BY MRS EMMA C. EMBURY.

It was a lady young and fair,
Who sang that mournful strain.
Her brow wore not a shade of care,
Her cheek no trace of pain;
Yet sang she, e'en as one who knows
How youthful hearts are torn,
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

Bright jewels bound her raven hair,
And sparkled on her hand.
For earth held nought of rich or rare
Her wealth might not command;
Yet, mark how sad the music flows
From lips curved half in scorn.—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

No brighter, lovelier face appears
In pleasure's crowded mart,
Her proud eye was not made for tears,
No blight should touch that heart;
But, while she sings, some memory throws
Its shade o'er life's morn;—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

Alas! it is a weary task,
To trace life's hidden cares,
And who would raise a smiling mask
Which maiden feeling wears?
A quaint old rhyme may oft disclose
How much the heart has borne;
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."—

Ladies' Companion.

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION.

RESOLVES AND RESULTS;
OR,
The Government of Circumstances.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"With our own hands we hew out rugged paths,
And then accuse our fate of cruelty."

"You are very proud, Lionel."

"I am so, Fanny: pride is as inherent in my nature as affection, and I can truly say, in the words of Lovelace—

"I could not love thee, dear so much,
Loved I not honor more."

"How much wrong men do in the name of honor!"

"But I am right, Fanny, in my present determination. You are rich, in expectancy, at least, while I am penniless. Your father's reluctant consent to our engagement was wrung from him by his love for you, and his dread of making you unhappy; but, even while according me the boon I sought, he hinted at conditions which were requisite to its full possession. I know his wishes; he would have me pursuing some ostensible business ere I wed his daughter; and as for myself, Fanny, dearly as I love you, I would renounce you for ever, ere I would allow the world to believe that your chief attraction for me had been your father's riches."

"Should we not be happier, Lionel, if we could forget what you call the world, and live only for those who love us?"

"Perhaps we should, but I cannot be indifferent to the opinion of those amid whom I must live and struggle. I have striven hard, Fanny, against my love for you—"

"Lionel!"

"I understand your reproachful tone, dearest; but I am uttering only the truth. I have tried not to love you, but the effort was vain. I was intoxicated with your loveliness, and even while I sought to break the chain that bound me, I only riveted its links more closely. I wooed you in a moment of madness.—I won you, my own sweet one, and the rich gift of your affection made me, for a time, forget my poverty. I scorned to steal such a priceless treasure from your father, and I therefore frankly confessed to him my hopes. You know how my candor was rewarded:—you know the obloquy which he heaped upon me; you know how the stigma of beggary was branded into my very soul;—you know too, how your father relented at the sight of your tears; and you can therefore fully understand the feelings which have determined me to prove myself worthy of you even in the eyes of the sordid and the mean. Be faithful to me for three short years, dear Fanny, and then we may be happy."

"Have you really decided to go to New Orleans, Lionel."

"I have; my arrangements are already completed, and a fair prospect of success is opened before me. I shall live upon hope and memory until I return to claim my gentle bride."

Lionel Grey had drawn his own character in the words which he had just uttered to his beautiful mistress. Proud, impetuous and impulsive, he had loved Fanny Lee, in despite of, it may be *because* of, his own resolution to avoid her. She was beautiful, gifted, highly educated, and most winning in her womanliness, while her father's well-known wealth gave weight to her other attractions in the opinion of many of her admirers. She had early looked with favor upon Lionel, and perhaps the evident struggle which was going on in his heart—the inconsistency of a love which was ever contending with his pride—gave a new interest to his many agreeable qualities. They had gone through the whole round of tender experiences; they had flirted and quarrelled, they had sentimentalized and philosophized, (lovers always talk a deal of pseudo philosophy,) they had enjoyed morning rides and moonlight walks, they had mingled in the same dance, and read from the same volume, yet the name of Love had never been uttered by either. But the impetuous temper of Lionel conquered his high resolves. Jealousy was stronger than pride, and in a paroxysm of doubt, he revealed the full extent of his affection. For a time the lovers were perfectly happy, but "consideration came" not exactly "like an angel," and Lionel was compelled to acknowledge that he had actually wooed and won an heiress. Too honorable in his feelings to think of a clandestine attachment, he avowed himself to the father of his adored Fanny, and the result was most painful and mortifying to his pride. Mr. Lee was, at first, most indignant, and although his paternal tenderness afterwards got the better of his anger, yet Lionel was left in no doubt of the old man's secret discontent at his daughter's choice. Every haughty feeling in Lionel's bosom was aroused at the idea of being thus grudgingly admitted into a family which possessed no superiority over himself save that of wealth, and therefore it was that in the very moment of successful love, he nerved himself to the duty of separation.

Lionel Grey went to that Eldorado of the south, the emporium of cotton bags and yellow fever, and by the assistance of friends, soon found himself established in a promising business. When a man has one fixed and steady aim in life, and pursues it with earnestness and diligence, he rarely fails of success, sooner or later. As the time approached which Lionel had fixed as the limit of his stay, he found himself so involved in the toils of a prosperous business, that his absence seemed like a perfectly suicidal measure. He accordingly wrote to Fanny, and implored her to let him live on hope for one more year, when he would no longer delay his return. Gifted with a true woman's spirit, Fanny responded in words of tenderness and patient love, but in her secret heart she felt how different was the affection of man from the unselfish, unexacting feeling which inspire a woman's best resolves. At the expiration of the allotted three years, Lionel was prosperous and full of hope, but ere the fourth had passed away, there occurred one of those sudden storms which sometimes sweep over the ocean of commerce, wrecking the noblest barks as utterly as the tiny skiff. A single day sufficed to destroy the labor of years—a single day made Lionel Grey a beggar.

Anxiety of mind now aided the slow but sure inroads which the climate had made upon his health, and in the midst of his misfortunes, he was prostrated by a violent attack of fever. For days he was insensible, and only the faintest hopes were entertained of his recovery, but he *did* recover to find himself the guest of a hospitable old gentleman [illegible] been the beautiful ward of his kind host. Ellen [illegible] Lionel from his first acquaintance with him, and when she heard of his illness, she had urged her guardian to bring him to the shelter of his roof, while with the wilfulness of a petted but generous child, she determined to minister to his wants. It was not in the nature of man to be indifferent to the guileless tenderness of the gentle orphan girl, and Lionel was conscious that a feeling "too warm for friendship, though too cold for love," was growing up in his heart towards her. It was at this time—when he was yet scarcely convalescent, that a letter from Fanny was put into his hands. It came to him like a thunder-stroke, for it contained a cold, calm, decided renunciation of him.

"You cannot complain of my determination," she wrote; "the change which has occurred in our prospects, will account for my conduct; you are now free—free from even the shadow of a tie. I knew not that my pride was equal to your own, until the hour of trial showed me the secrets of my own heart."

Lionel pondered deeply on these words,—there was a mystery in them which he could only solve by believing that Fanny had heard of his ill-success, and had wearied of her early attachment. His anguish of mind was only calmed by an indignant sense of wrong, and his pride was summoned to the solace of his wounded affection. The consequence of such a combination of circumstances may be readily imagined. Fanny had abandoned him in his misfortunes, while the gentle Ellen, the child of wealth and luxury, devoted herself most tenderly to his comfort. "Full many a heart is caught in the rebound." In one month,—"one little month," after the receipt of this most singular letter, Lionel Grey was the husband of the beautiful Ellen F——, and by advice of his physician sailed with his fair bride to the genial climate of [illegible].

Mrs. Grey had [illegible] her mother's fragile health along with [illegible] wealth and her beauty. Nothing could be lovelier than her petite figure, her sweet, girlish face, [illegible] luxuriant and rebellious of [illegible] tresses, her delicate, fairy-like hands and feet, [illegible] of willowy grace which pervaded the whole appearance. But no trace of color ever visited her smooth cheek, and but for the rich hue of her soft lips, she might have seemed like one whom death had already marked for his own. She was one of those characterless women, who, like mirrors, reflect passing objects, but only retain the image of that which is placed perpetually before them. She was a creature of habitudes, and nothing had ever disturbed the perfect quiescence of her feelings, until her heart had awakened into something like a passion for Lionel Grey. She had been stirred into active life by the doubt which hung around her affection, but now that she was in possession of the object of her wishes, she gladly returned to her former tranquil peace. No jealous fears, no distrust of herself or of her husband, ever entered her heart. She loved him, she was his honored and cherished wife, and she was therefore perfectly happy.

Lionel, on his part, had striven to banish from his memory all that could throw the shadow of wrong upon his gentle wife. Fanny's letters,—the flower from her hair,—the glove from her hand,—all the love-gifts which are so precious because identified with personal recollections of the beloved one,—even the braid of raven hair which had so long [illegible] his heart,—were destroyed ere he married. A sense of duty, stronger and sterner than even the indignation of outraged affection, determined him to cherish not a single reminiscence of the past; and by the very care which it cost him to forget, Lionel learned how fond and deep was his remembrance. The repose and quietude of his wife's manner,—that calm, and, as it sometimes seemed to him, cold reliance upon his affection,—was the most trying of all things to his impulsive temper. She was full of gentleness and sweetness, but there were times when he would gladly have found her less passively tranquil. Wrapped in rich shawls, and reclining on a downy couch, she seemed to enjoy a sort of half dreamy life. She was happy if Lionel sat beside the silken cushions on which she leaned, and she seemed scarcely less happy if left to the quiet loneliness of her own chamber. She was as one who watches with half-closed eyes the gliding of some quiet stream, while she possessed not sufficient energy to fling even a flower upon its gentle current.

With such a wife, so silent, so abstracted, so slumberous in her habits of thought, Lionel was not likely to find his heart fully occupied. She was like an amiable but petted child; so long as she was indulged and caressed, she was content. She was a most loveable creature, but she could never inspire a deep, strong and abiding passion. Often when Lionel sate beside her, clasping the little white hand which lay like a snow-wreath in his, would memory conjure up before him the stately figure, the flashing eye, the impressive gesture, the heart-echoing voice, of one whose beauty ever derived new power from the intense and vivid life which characterized her loveliness. Ellen was the gentle child of Lionel's later affections, but he felt that she could never be the priestess in the inner chamber of his heart; and there were moments when he was most unutterably wretched.

An incident which occurred during his residence in Florence, gave him fresh food for mournful thought. He was standing in the cool shadow of a projecting portico conversing with a lovely dark-eyed flower-girl who was binding a bunch of violets and rosebuds for him, when a carriage passed by. Darting from his side, the girl flew to the carriage-door and flung the bouquet into the lap of the lady, who with a sunny-faced child were its only occupants. The low, sweet voice in which the stranger uttered her thanks, thrilled the very soul of Lionel, and as the wind lifted the thick veil which shrouded her face, he beheld the pale but beautiful face of Fanny Lee.

"She is so pale, so very pale," said the girl, as she returned, "and she loves my flowers so dearly."

"Do you know the lady?" asked Lionel.

"Oh, no, she is a stranger; but she looks ill, and, it seems to me, sorrowful."

In vain Lionel sought to learn something further of his faithless mistress. He met her no more, and his fancy enabled him to depict her as the wife and mother—perhaps ill—perhaps disappointed in her trust, but certainly lost to him forever.

A second time did that image of past happiness appear before him. A year had elapsed, and Lionel was the father of a noble boy, but the invalid mother could not be persuaded that he had not inherited her delicacy of constitution; and, tortured by the fear that his blooming cheek and sparkling eye were but tokens of latent disease, she insisted on taking up her abode in Paris, where the skill of French physicians might be exerted in behalf of her darling child. Lionel Grey was one day standing in the deep recess of a window, playfully tossing the lovely little creature towards his pretty and girlish-looking mother, when a pale and almost ghastly face suddenly looked out upon him, from a cabriolet, which some trifling obstruction in the street had detained for a moment before his hotel. It was a face not to be mistaken—the large full eye—the curve of the sweet lips—the broad white brow—pale and faded as was the bright beauty of that countenance, it was still the image of her whom he had so loved. A second time he had seen her and a second time she had vanished like a spectre from his gaze.

Years passed on, and the bitterness of Lionel's feelings had been subdued by the kindly influence of time. He had lived to think calmly of past loves and by-gone hopes, habit had taught him to love the gentle creature who relied on him for happiness, and the instincts of an affectionate nature had made him almost worship his beautiful boy. But it seemed as if Providence had designed to surround him with blessings only until he should have learned the worth of those which were necessary to his happiness. A disease, which, while it scarce stole the rose from the child's cheek, yet tortured his frame with agony, and contracted his graceful limbs until he was a helpless and unsightly cripple, sapped the springs of life. The fair boy died, but not until the sight of his bodily sufferings had wrung from the anguished father a prayer that he might be released from the pangs which racked his feeble frame. Hardly were the [illegible] within the grave which held the ashes of her first born [illegible] lost in Europe, Lionel Grey was [illegible] lonely and desolate man. Would was he [illegible]

he was the sole heir to his wife's fine fortune, but there was no human creature with whom he could claim kindred. He was alone—alone amid the appliances of luxury—alone amid spectres of past happiness—alone amid recollections of by-gone joys and sorrows.

"Yes, stand side on, Mr. Grey," said Mrs. Lisborne; "we intend painting a favourable light, and shall flatter you into the bargain. You are some, and we shall be unhappy if minister to your natural vanity by refusing it.

"Come, Louie, I shall trust you, if," said her husband, "you promise to keep on the college style, and I am sure you are mindful of our former intimacy, it is quite time to renew it, so I will take no denial."

"I am so little fitted for society, my good friends, that I should be sadly out of place upon your party."

"We have no party, Mr. Grey; we left America on account of Mr. Lisborne's health, and even has been only a family party. Our children and their governesses are our only companions, now that my brother Fred has left us."

"I thought he still with you."

"No," said Mr. Lisborne, smiling, "he found the attractions of a certain lady quite too potent, and beat a retreat."

"He didn't mean in any way that Fred Tracy fell in love with your governess?"

"Something very like it."

"And so you sent him to Coventry, to save him from the arts of a designing governess?"

A flush crossed Mrs. Lisborne's round cheek, as she replied: "I cannot allow such an expression to be used on one who deserves nothing but good at my hands. Rebecca has only himself to thank for his unlucky attachment and its disappointment."

"Why that but refuse him, surely?"

"I had rather not discuss the subject, Mr. Grey. Fred acted like a simpleton, and one does not like to talk of a brother's follies. The lady has been a member of my family for the past five years, and during all our wanderings by sea and land, she has been to me like a friend and sister."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lisborne; I never spoke of the viscount Mr. Tracy's attachment in a humble governess. I really thought you were jesting with me. My idea of a travelling governess always shapes itself into the semblance of a thin, self-asking woman, with a high cheek-bone and a pinched, red nose, a sort of pedagogue to Frenchmen, who always wear suits of lavender-water and stale-cake."

"By Jove! you will change your ideas then, mister; you see me assigned to the governess," exclaimed Mr. Lisborne; "red nose, forsooth! Why, her features are as classical and almost as pale as those of the famed Venus of the Beautiful, graceful, and dignified, and as cold as the icicle on Dan's tumple,' she is a woman whom every one must admire, but whom few would dare to love."

"You are enthusiastic, Lisborne; perhaps it is because for me that I am proof against her fascinations; and that 'man delights not me, nor woman either?'"

"It is lucky for you, Lionel, for you would remain very connected with her."

"Just suit your imaginative temperament, romantic as you are, mister; a picture is it?"

"I must be something of a picture as it is to interest me now; but I cannot know how to describe the articles of gossip far beneath dress up such delicate

ter than we do a very simple one," said Mrs. Lisborne; "and as the governess, of young Lisborne's name I have never learned; but she is so beautiful, she refused to become her affianced husband of an heiress, and therefore, after supporting her pupil much, is kept such to make a fortune. During his absence, the father of his lady-love became engaged to a most fortunate speculation, made money, and was ruined in bankruptcy. With pride equal to herself, she now refused to follow her lover. She wrote to him, renouncing her engagement, and leaving him free all time. The gentleman was probably not sorry to be relieved, but did not reply to the letter, and some time after heard of his marriage with the rejected lady, and of his settling down in the quiet remainder of his life, and, at his recommendation of a friend, a friend of mine, never has any family to be fearful of intrusion."

"Her name—her name?" gasped Lionel Grey, while his face grew white as ashes, and his eyes dilated with emotion.

"Mary Lee—"

"And Havens! what a fool—what a madman I have been."

What a romantic affair this has been," said Lisborne, when some months afterwards he returned from witnessing the marriage of Mary Lee with her early lover.

"It was just thinking," returned her husband, "what a couple of fools they had been. Freed from circumstances of fate in refusing or being, and how do they appear? Lionel Grey has his wife a brown girl, he rouges for affections, obtains the consent of her rich old father, who ought to have known better than to coin-in-law, and then instead of marrying her, nurses her to loneliness of heart, while he is gratifying his paternal pride in the wealth of his fortune. Fanny Lee is patient and loving like a true woman, but not sooner does adversity overtake her, than she fancies she ought to sustain the sad folly of her lover, and accordingly relinquishes all claim upon him in obedience to the fictions of an unnecessary sacrifice. Lionel mistakes her motive, and in a fit of pique he marries. Thus does this magnificent moral resolutions, he actually weds an heiress without having the excuse of affection, and now the possession of her means enables him to please himself in the choice of a second wife. While Fanny has been induced to forget all her foolish pride, and is now the downless bride of one who had regard enough for her vow from the sod which covers a heart that loved him. Two of the best wives of their kind have been wasted—their fondness of feeling a pious forbearance are gone in heart if not in head—they have suffered twofold more than they could have done from the mere trauma of fortune, and now, after all, they are precisely in the condition which they would have been had they married in their first gush of youth; excepting that they have lost much happiness which they never can regain. They have acted like simpletons, and afford another example of the old fable, wherein a man is represented as wandering over the whole world in search of happiness, and finally returning, heart-sick and weary, only to find that the object whom he had sought so far, was brooding with folded wing beside his own fireside."

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the Report of the Controllers of the Public Schools we find the following statement of which Philadelphia may be proud:

According to the returns the number of pupils in the public schools is 33,134, while the report was in press, returns were received from two additional schools, containing 564 pupils not included in that enumeration. There is no doubt that there are other considerable omissions, and that a complete return would exhibit at least 34,000, some of those most concerned in the subject say 35,000 pupils, now receiving the benefits of the public schools. By the census of 1840, the whole number of persons in the city and county between the ages of five and fifteen years, was only 30,748. We are assured, therefore, with the observing, and, in some of our readers we think doubtless, the surprising fact, that nearly seven-tenths of the whole population between the ages of 10 and 15, are now in attendance. We have no means of ascertaining the number of pupils in private schools. It is, however, not considerable. If we suppose it to be 5000, and that there are 1000 more who are obliged to leave school for the purpose of going to business before the age of fifteen, there would be but a very small number, about every one-ninth, of the rising generation without the means of instruction. There is, too, every prospect of even this small number diminishing, as it is stated in the report, that there are applications for admission to the public schools from about 1000 children already existing, and applications for the opening of new schools, larger than a prudent administration of the funds of the Board will allow."

ANOTHER BIG OWL.

A week or two ago, there was chronicled in the Saturday Post the news of a fight in Boston between a citizen and an enormous owl. We observe that another of these creatures was killed by Ely Keeler, on his farm, near Pennington, New Jersey, a few days since. It measured five feet from tip to tip of the wings, and like all others of the kind, had beautiful plumage. The white markings were fine, and was thickly covered with coarse, soft feathers to the very ends of its claws, so that they looked like a panther's. These owls sometimes called the coon cats, from their white plumage, they frequent very cold climates, and are rarely found so far south as New Jersey. They are a little too much like a few years ago, another was killed near Feasterburg, during a cold winter, when the ground was covered to the depth of two feet. It was so hungry that it pounced upon some man on the shoulder of a man passing by night through the woods. The man struck it with his cane and killed it.

OFFICIAL.

The London Gazette, of November 14th, contains the official announcement of the appointment of Richard Packenham, late Minister to Mexico, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. It will be recollected that the fact of this appointment has before been unofficially stated.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS (if solvent), we will send the Saturday Post one year, and one of the new serials.

For FIVE DOLLARS (clear), a copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new serials.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new serials.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two serials.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godney's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godney's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE POETS,

That the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer the

FOLLOWING PRIZES.

For Poems to be handed in to the publishers by February 1st, 1844.

For the best POEM of two hundred lines or more, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

For the best Poem of one hundred lines or less in the way of Fifty Dollars.

For the second best shorter Poem, Twenty-Five Dollars.

The Poems to be submitted to the Committee must be delivered at 98 Chesnut street before the first day of February, 1844.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

No reader can complain this week, as he is not furnished with abundance of matter. Congress has met, the Governor of Rhode Island has resigned, and the remarks on the general aspect of Europe by Our Traveller, are of things in the Old World as could interestingly be compressed into the same space. Every word of his correspondence is embraced under the heads to which we have referred—from political movements down to small talk, and from revolutions in States down to the minutiae of changes in ladies bonnets. The fashions are this week described by our Correspondent in England. The contribution of Our Traveller will be found this day exceedingly interesting.

In our last we presented the reader with the President's Message. In to-day's paper the reader will find abstracts of the most important sections of the several departments reports; and a view of the proceedings of Congress, so far as any proceedings have been had in that body. We expect to be able to report any news of moment from Congress until after the holidays. Nothing of consequence is ever transacted when members are busy in settling themselves in their seats, and making the winter arrangements for their own comfort, to pay much attention to the affairs of State.

In the city all seems tolerably cheerful. The seasonable asperity of the weather has been such as to call forth all our warm clothing, and a beneficial associations, by efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor; and the approach of the holidays has given a spirit to the hearts of individuals to be generous. We would respectfully urge upon the attention of such of our readers may have the means to do so, the necessities, but not the time to discriminate, to make some of our excellent societies the distributors of their bounty.

Marie Duponceau, Mr. Herbert's Prize Tale, will be completed in our next number. To-day we present the first chapter of "Mercy Worthington's Choice," a tale by "F. E. F." to which the second prize of $100 was awarded. "F. E. F." is a contributor of various articles to the "United States Saturday Post," published in Philadelphia, was awarded to Miss Elizabeth Ellet, of this city for the tale entitled "Arlington House." Miss Bogart is very generally known to the public, as the author of many productions of great merit, both in prose and poetry, under the signature of "Estelle." The inquiries of this city, in noticing the above, reminds us that Miss Bogart, some years since, obtained a prize for an admirable story written for the New York Mirror—a beautiful tale entitled "The Broken Promise," and commencing—

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which have been published in almost every newspaper in the country, are from her pen.

Beside the above, we have a story from another favorite's own pen, entitled "The Heiress, a Story of the Heart." This is the second time our contemporary has been victor in a competition. "The Banker's Daughter" having recently taken a prize in another establishment. We need say nothing to the readers of American periodical literature relative to the productions of Robert Morris.

It would seem as if the fates had determined to compel us to be behindhand in the Old Post and its readers—for even the above list does not include all that we have to serve. The competition in the Saturday Evening Post will wind up the best collection of Prize Stories ever published in any American periodical. As the Poets Register, for in February, the sum of One Hundred and Seventy Five dollars is to be awarded in prizes for three poems. The Saturday Post of the 21st of the United States Saturday Post will this winter get their money's worth, if the enlistment of Engineers will accomplish it—"you pay for the subscriber's investment of two dollars in advance for fifty-two newspapers—each paper would the fact of the Editor's opportunity, and equal to any current literature of the day in quality.

THE SABBATH.

From a circular letter adopted at a recent meeting of "Friends of the Lord's Day," in Baltimore, and published in the Maryland Temperance Herald, we learn that it is proposed to hold a convention in Baltimore on the second Wednesday in January next, "to confer on the best manner of promoting the due observance of the Lord's Day." The circular is signed by a committee composed chiefly of distinguished clergymen of Baltimore, and is addressed "to ministers of the Gospel, and all other friends of the Lord's Day, in the States of Maryland and Delaware, and the District of Columbia," but the call is worth the attention of all friends of the Sabbath everywhere.

The committee set forth cogently their reasons for considering the institution of the Sabbath as "the great safeguard, under God, of public liberty and virtue, the palladium of all that is pure and elevating, and heavenly in Christianity—of all that is lovely and endearing and lasting in patriotism—of all that is lovely and noble and enlarged in philanthropy—they—respectfully, but earnestly appeal to every Christian, patriot and philanthropist" to co-operate with them in the measures proposed for consideration, and promoting its entire observance. The clergy are requested to take the subject into serious and prayerful consideration, and endeavour to have as full delegations as possible send to the convention from their congregations, election districts, or both. They are recited to lay the subject before their congregations, and contribute their efforts towards the promotion of an object which they think most considered itself to the wise and good of all Christian denominations, and the committee finally address themselves to all interested in perpetuating "one of the wisest and best institutions," and especially to officers and stockholders in railroads and steamboats, forwarders, boatmen, agents, clerks, and others concerned with canals and railroads, and with the shipping interest, and merchants and business men generally," who are invited to attend and take part in the deliberations of the convention.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON.

Several of our leading citizens have tendered Capt. Stockton, and others have volunteered their services, to defend him at the complement of a public dinner. In their letter of invitation, they speak well deserved eulogium on his gallant conduct in the late affair, and the agency and oversight of Capt. S. in its construction, the splendour of the public preparations, and the unbounded Philadelphia enthusiasm to carry out his plans.

In answering, Capt. Stockton accepts the invitation, but desires to postpone the fete until the guns are taken on board the Princeton, and says until an opportunity has been had of explaining more experiments with the vessel before committees of the Philosophical Society and the Franklin Institute. In concluding he says he looks upon the following high compliment as the highest in Philadelphia:

"My associations for several years past, have been with the mechanics of this city, whom I honour and respect. They are a superior body of men, both in intelligence and industrious; they are intelligent, well informed, and well experienced. They have a degree remarkable for ingenuity and resources, and their conversation is at once full of instruction and pleasurable. I leave them with their well considered compliment, and the honeyed expressions of the Public Ships in this city were attended with no other advantage to the public than that of a lesson to them in the reading and comfortable maintenance of a family of Fifty Dollars.

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WANTON VILLAINY.

Some statements were finally passed in Columbia County, at the Quarter Sessions, which will cure certain parties, we trust, of future disposition to villainy. Mr. Hummel, four of whom were named Table, one Mellhery, and one Cyrus Fee, were ordered to appear in court to answer to the charge of "that he to-gether, seventeen, slightest and nineteen months of confinement in the Penitentiary, at hard labor. Each was sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar and the costs of prosecution. The crimes of which they were convicted were that Hummel, while under the legal custody of Abraham Lisher, tearing down a house belonging to Philip Dailey, and cutting down a large number of trees, the property of Andrew Crevelin. This was their malicious mischief, done out of enmity, and the punishment, though severe, is not more than they deserved.

DR. LARDNER'S LECTURE.

Dr. Lardner's last Monday evening, at the Philadelphia Museum, a course of lectures on Astronomy, to be continued every evening during the week. No lecturer of his reputation as a lecturer is required, than the fact that he can still draw crowds when lecturing is at such a distance as it is this winter. He is followed by his magnificent diagrams, and by Bunnell's Planetarium, the latter of which exhibits the motions of the planets and their satellites in motion, and is alone worth the price of admission. We listened to a part of Dr. Lardner's lecture on Moon, and were exceedingly gratified. He is a singularly clear and copious speaker, and takes subjects by the hand and leads the hearer on captivation. His lectures are skillfully interspersed with anecdotes which give a variety that prevents tedium. No one, really, should omit his course.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

The steamer Warren, on her way up the Alleghany from Pittsburgh, on Thursday of last week collapsed a flue, by which four or five steamboats were scalded, six very badly, and one mortally. Those dangerously scalded are Albert H. Young of Madison Furnace; Samuel Weaver of Redbank Furnace; and one badly but not dangerously injured are Henry Zimmerman of Madison Furnace—Wm. H. Bates, Freeport, Jas. Williams, Jona. Lewis, and Jesse Jones, of Rocky Bend, and David Crosier of Girty's Run. We hope to hear no more of these explosions becoming somewhat frequent of late. With all the imperfections of the steamboat law, it is unquestionably better, at a time, it decreased the number of accidents.

RIOT.

Miss Bishop, of McConnellsville, Ohio, was upset in a sleigh on the line between Baltimore and Wheeling, in January, 1842. Her arm was broken, her elbow badly strained her hand, her face cut on several places, and her head also received a severe wound. She sued the proprietors of the line for damages; the case was finally tried before the United States Circuit Court, when it was proved that the driver was drunk at the time, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of $6500 and costs of suit. This verdict was most righteous. Stage drivers do not get drunk by accident. Any driver who is drunk, which no blame attaches, might if sober, be traced to the same sort of thing.

OHIO.

At the recent meeting of the Legislature of this State, the Senate elected Democratic officers, and the House Whig. From the Governor's Message we learn that the amount of revenue during the year was $263,909, the expenditure, $189,500. The revenue from the canals has been $473,534, and the amount expended for repairs $193,437, making an aggregate income, adding to the annual tax, of $607,402. The loss on the Ohio canal has been $82,555; and the gain on all the others, $48,834. The number of convicts in the Penitentiary is 721; the estimated expense, $38,500; expenses $23,600. A reform of the County is advised.

WELL APPLIED.

We learn from the Boston Mercantile Journal that Wm. Appleton, Esq., of that city, has placed in the hands of the Board of Trustees of Massachusetts General Hospital, $10,000, the income of which is to be applied in aiding such persons as have been and have been in the habit of, as from straitened means, might be compelled to leave the institution without a perfect cure. The highest species of charity is gift, will doubtless be the means of restoring many valuable members of society to their friends in health, and to the duties of life, and will be the best of Heaven's gifts on earth, a sound mind.

CANADA.

Our readers are aware that there has been considerable excitement in Canada, on the question of Gov. Sir Charles Metcalf's cabinet having resigned. The causes of this rupture, so far as they have transpired, appear to be as follows: The members of the cabinet wished Sir Charles to consult them on all appointments and promotions, in order that they might make political capital out of them. This the Governor refused to do, and the members of his cabinet resigned in a body. Next, seeing Governor Metcalf unable to carry on the ordinary affairs of the State, he dissolved the Legislature, the result of the elections in which, we think, reminds us that Mike Fink, the celebrated Kentucky boatman, was a noted fighter, and boasted that he could whip any man in the world. Mike was challenged by a Yankee, who, after a long and severe contest, was whipped. Mike, in the height of his victory, exclaimed, "I'm the best man in the world!" "Well," said the Yankee, "I'm not the best man in the world, but I'm the man that whipped you!" Mike was silenced.

THANKSGIVING.

On Thursday next, the 21st instead, by proclamation of the Governor, the Legislature, are to lay aside secular business, and devote our selves to the duty of returning thanks, and to the observance of the day. Such is the law, and it is incompatible with the proper spirit in which such a day should be observed. Truly, we have much to be grateful for, and we think we ought at all times to have thankful hearts, there is a manifest propriety in fighting our joy at such days as Thanksgiving, and says should devote to a concert of thanksgiving.

BRIDGING THE OHIO.

Memorials are in circulation at St. Louis and Cairo, Illinois, to the U. S. Government, to provide for the construction of a wire suspension bridge across the Ohio, at the junction of the two rivers, with a span of 1000 feet. The estimated expense is $130,000. According to the plan designated, there is to be a space of fifty feet between the bridge and the top of the highest steamboat pipes, at an ordinary stage of water, rendering it free from any objection on the ground of obstructions to navigation.

TEXAS.

The Pennsylvanian has seen a letter received by a gentleman in this city from a friend in Texas, which states that the Texan Government have been appointed, both on the part of Texas and Mexico, to adjust the difference between the two governments, and they are now at Cascade, a small town on the banks of the Rio Grande. It is confidently believed that a reparation will be made, and that Texas will be formally made by Mexico, and a treaty of amity will of course follow.

LADIES' FAIR.

We understand that a fair for the sale of useful and fancy articles will be held in the Commissioners' Hall, N. L., next week, commencing on Monday evening. The proceeds are to be applied in aid of the funds of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advent, which, for the present, meets with the Temperance Hall. These purchasing articles for presents, will confer a benefit on the Church by purchasing at this sale.

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY.

A mail robbery, involving a loss of various unknown, took place between Albany and New York, a distance which they state, about 140 miles, between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars were in the pouch, which was taken, but large amounts of bills in drafts were left behind on New York Banks: which of course are stopped. A fellow named Hough has been arrested at Hudson, where the bag was stolen.

THE WIRT INSTITUTE.

Our city readers will recollect that on Tuesday evening next, Hon. James Madison Porter, the Secretary of War, delivers a Lecture before the Wirt Institute. The subject he has chosen is "Pennsylvania, her Institutions, and her Men," and this, with the reputation of Mr. P. as a lecturer, will ensure a crowded audience.

IRON CANAL BOATS.

It is said that iron canal boats are to be extensively introduced on the Erie Canal next season. They draw much less water, and can carry more than wooden boats of the same size. The result of this improvement will be to increase the capacity of the canal, and augment the tolls collected upon it. From the rapid growth of the West, and the number of emigrants who have gone there during the past year, the business of 1844 is expected to be immense.

SAVE MY BLUSHES!

A deaf and dumb genealogical lecturer, well known about Louisville, is reported to have recently remarked that there were but three great heads in the United States—the head of Henry Clay; the other of Daniel Webster, and phrenology his head upon his own deranged cranium, he continued—"the first, gentlemen, modesty forbids me to mention."

ANOTHER DEFALCATION.

Mr. Lott, late treasurer of the Lee Insurance Company, New York, was some weeks since discovered to be a defaulter. The first deficit stated was $50,000. This has been increased to $60,000, and the investigation is still going on.

A BANK WOUND UP.

The Cincinnati Bank of Ohio has made a final dividend of its capital stock, and its bills therefore are no longer current or redeemable.

UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

The United States Gazette has changed its form, and is now a well and beautiful typographical dress. Matter and manner well correspond.

REPORTS OF THE Departments AT WASHINGTON.

THE NAVY REPORT.

The report of Mr. Henshaw is able and business like. We extract from it such facts as are not familiar to the public. The repairs of the newspapers at the times when they transpired; and we pursue the same course with the other Executive papers. To have laid before Congress officially of the state of the service in each department, must necessarily require much repetition of what has been published to our readers, and to place this in the columns of the Saturday Post is not expedient.

The United States Navy, at the present time, consists of the following number and description of vessels: One ship of 120 guns; nine ships of 74 guns; one ship of 60 guns; twelve of 42 guns; twelve 52 gun frigates; one 50 gun frigate; two 48 gun frigates; eleven first class sloops of war; 6 do. second class; two 20 gun sloops; five 16 gun sloops; two sloops for store ships, 6 gun each. There are also four first class sloops of war already ready for launching. Eleven 10 gun brigs and schooners; three 3 gun store ships, and one for a receiving vessel at Charleston. The steamers Mississippi of 12 guns, the Princeton (Ericsson's propeller) of 12 guns, the Union of 4 guns, (with Hunter's submerged wheels,) the Poinsett of 2 guns, and an iron steamer, the Michigan of 2 guns, nearly ready to launch on Lake Erie. There are likewise four small schooners employed as packets or receiving vessels, and to sail, seventy-six vessels of the various descriptions.

The schooner Grampus has not been heard from since the 10th of March last, when she was off Charleston, S. C., and is supposed to have been lost, with all hands, in some of the severe gales which occurred about that time.

The performance of the Union steamer, built on Lieut. Hunter's plan, with submerged horizontal wheels, is spoken of as quite satisfactory, but it is necessary to substitute new boilers for those now in use. The Princeton is said to have fully realized the expectations of her successful cruise. A series of experiments have been made at the Washington Navy Yard, by Professor Johnson, of the Philadelphia Mint, to test and improve the strength of iron by thermotension; all which are yet unsatisfactory. Experiments are also making in the culture and preparation of hemp, particularly with reference to the separation of the fibre from the woody stalk which encases it.

An increase of subordinate naval officers is recommended, and a modification of the law, by which each one receives but one ration per day, the custom in the army. A more perfect system of accounts for naval store-keepers is to be introduced; and a change in the mode of supply made without the authority of the Department, are hereafter to be charged to the captain of the Navy Yard.

Commander Wilkes's report of the results of the Exploring Expedition will be ready for the Press by March next.

It is proposed to employ the following force for the service of the next year: For the Home Squadron, three frigates, six sloops, two steamers and five brigs and schooners; making in all sixteen vessels. For the Mediterranean, three frigates, four sloops, one brig, and one store-ship—nine vessels. For the Coast of Africa, four sloops, two brigs or schooners and one store-ship—seven vessels. For the Pacific, one frigate, four sloops, one brig and two schooners, and one store-ship—eight vessels. For Brazil, two frigates, three sloops, one brig and one store-ship—seven vessels. For the Pacific, two frigates, two sloops, one brig and one store-ship—five vessels. For the East Indies, two frigates, two sloops, one brig and one store-ship—five vessels. For the Coast of Britain itself is quiet, and the process of O'Connell, with the thirty thousand Repealers in every clear will not be adjudged in his life time. All that the Government wished was to impress the Irish people with the belief that they it signally effected by the arrest of the great Irish agitator. In the midst of his triumphant boasting the Queen's Bench of England reversed the writ and returned it. The majesty of the law is vindicated, and the progress of the people's liberty is not to be stayed by the arrest of one. O'Connell, on the other hand, is determined to wear his prosecutors, and to show that his skill as a lawyer was equal to that of his enemies. In this manner the time of action passes by, without being attended to the progress of the Repeal Agitation, as his criminal prosecution lets nothing new is expected of him. The want of action is ascribed to the prosecution by the Government, and O'Connell remains, as it were, the master of his own fate. There is nothing so much to be dreaded in the country as that combination of circumstances which forces him to act before he is ready—to pluck the fruit before it is ripe; and we imagine that the arrest of O'Connell acts as a truce which is equally welcome to both parties.

In France nothing of any consequence has taken place. The Citizen King remains unmolested on the throne and the people have forgotten the revolution of July, or remembering it only as a curious episode in their history, are becoming daily more and more indifferent to politics. Pauperism increases in France at a fearful ratio, and the world fain shake it off—the constitution is too far broken down to produce a crisis.

Our Traveller.

PRESENT ASPECT OF EUROPE.

There is nothing going on in England that could at this moment interest the American reader. She has like an anaconda seized her Oriental prey, and is now employed in the somewhat disgusting process of digesting it. Britain itself is quiet, and the process of O'Connell, with the thirty thousand Repealers in every clear will not be adjudged in his life time. All that the Government wished was to impress the Irish people with the belief that they it signally effected by the arrest of the great Irish agitator. In the midst of his triumphant boasting the Queen's Bench of England reversed the writ and returned it. The majesty of the law is vindicated, and the progress of the people's liberty is not to be stayed by the arrest of one. O'Connell, on the other hand, is determined to wear his prosecutors, and to show that his skill as a lawyer was equal to that of his enemies. In this manner the time of action passes by, without being attended to the progress of the Repeal Agitation, as his criminal prosecution lets nothing new is expected of him. The want of action is ascribed to the prosecution by the Government, and O'Connell remains, as it were, the master of his own fate. There is nothing so much to be dreaded in the country as that combination of circumstances which forces him to act before he is ready—to pluck the fruit before it is ripe; and we imagine that the arrest of O'Connell acts as a truce which is equally welcome to both parties.

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Local Intelligence.

A CORK-OUTER PUT OUT.—S. S. Foster, not of an Eastern sect of fanatics which rejoices in the title of "come-outers," attempted on Sunday last to disturb the worshippers in the Friends' Meeting House, in Cherry Street, by forcing one of his unlicensed speeches upon them. He was ejected from the meeting, and taken in custody by Alderman Mitchell. On the Sunday previous he had caused the breaking up of the same meeting. Foster, we think, was discharged from custody, at the request of the Friends.

A LITERAL COLLECTION.—We learn that the Collection in behalf of the Poor, in Union Church, south Fourth street, on Sunday, amounted to $100. One individual threw a $50 note into the basket. The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, and was, as we understand, one of the most eloquent that he ever delivered.

DR. RE PATRIOTISM!—We regret to notice that there are too many householders and storekeepers who neglect to clear the snow and ice from the front of their premises. A little patriotic outlay of strength would serve many couple, colds, tumbles, and pedal disasters.

FIRES.—The alarm of fire about seven o'clock Saturday evening, proceeded from a large fire or six unfinished and untenanted buildings in Schuylkill Sixth street below Wood, which were set on fire in the garrets, and partly all-gone, or less damaged in the upper parts before the flames could be extinguished. Monday morning, at three o'clock, the upper parts of the dwellings of Messrs. Wade S. Smith and J. Mallister, in Penn Square, were found to be on fire. The work of incendiarism.

COUNTERFEITS.—An immense amount of counterfeiting apparatus was seized last week in a house in Spring Garden; worth as stated, if it is made, from one to two country thousand dollars. Particulars have not yet fully transpired.

FAIRIES YOUR CHOICE.—We notice by the daily prints that burglaries continue to take place almost nightly in the city and county. Some of the burglars must be of their guard, and the watchmen must keep awake.

OUR BILL.—We are pleased to find that Our bill has taken kind of the suggestion made in Post and other papers, and will give a Concert at the Musical Fund Hall, on this Saturday evening.

CONCERT.—It is stated that a new line of steamers are to run all the way to New York by water, and driven by Ericsson propellers, to commence running in the Spring.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ It is stated that there are four places of worship in New York, in which the services are performed exclusively in the Welch language; and that there are established in said city in the same language; but says they have never seen any of these facts noticed in the New York papers.

☞ There is to be a Convention at Columbus, Ohio, on the first Thursday in January, to devise means for the better observance of the Sabbath. It is gratifying to notice these demonstrations in favor of the observance of the Sabbath, taking place at so many different points.

THANKSGIVING.—It is stated that a new line of steamers are to run all the way to New York by water, and driven by Ericsson propellers, to commence running in the Spring.

THANKSGIVING.—Bishop Onderdonk enjoins upon the Clergy of the Diocese of Pennsylvania the observance of the 21st instant as a day of Thanksgiving appointed by Governor Porter.

Notices of the Dead.

A REVOLUTIONARY VETERAN.—Col. John M. Taylor, a veteran of the Revolution, died in the city of Washington, on the 6th of December at the advanced age of ninety-two years. At the seige of Quebec, in the year 1775, he distinguished himself by his fidelities and activity for very arduous duties of Commissary of the American army under General Montgomery, during the whole period of that army's residence before Quebec. Col Taylor continued in the service and in the Commissary Department till the year 1779, at which period he resigned his epaulet and a very meritorious officer. The unobtrusive character and retired habits of Col. Taylor, after quitting public life, did not cause the memory of his services. His name should be recorded among those of the separated ones, to whose virtuous strugglers and disinterested energies this country owes her independence.

MELANCHOLY.—Doctor Dade, the brother of the gallant Major Dade, who fell in Florida, died suddenly on the 16th ult., in King George county, Va. He had attended the funeral of a son-in-law, and on his return home, on foot from the place of burial, when he had occasion to call at the house of a neighbor on his way home with the family of the deceased, and during companies. After a short stay, just as he seated himself in his carriage, he was observed to look back upon the house, and to throw him down. The doctor then fell forward to the ground and never spoke again.

☞ Dr. Joseph E. Hall, M. D., late of the Physician of Mobile Florida, died in the city of Tallahassee on the 15th ult.

Congressional.

The crowded state of our columns would preclude a detailed report of Congressional proceedings, even were there the material to make a long notice of, which does not happen yet to be the case. Both houses have been busily at work, since, but we shall be taken to make this department of the paper full and satisfactory.

In the House of Representatives, the Clerk of the Globe their trustees, and the Senate has elected Gales & Seaton of the Intelligencer. Blair & Rives received 124 votes. Mr. Newton Lane was elected sergeant at arms, and Mr. Jesse E. Dow doorkeeper. Mr. McNulty, of Ohio, has been elected clerk of the House, on the same vote that Blair & Rives received as printers—124.

The Speaker of the House, John W. Jones, of Va., whose seat is one of the contested more, asked, as a matter of delicacy, to be excused from the appointment of the committees on elections. His request was acceded to, and the duty was given to Mr. Brodhead, the Speaker pro tem. Mr. Brodhead has performed the delicate duty following as the committee: Messrs. Payne, of Alabama, Kinney, of New Jersey, Venice, of Ohio, Chapman, of Kentucky, Bayly, of Virginia, Hamlin, of Maine, Ellis, of New York, Dargan, of Illinois, and Ely, of Kentucky. Of these, seven are Democrats and two Whigs. It will be remembered that Mr. Barnard, of New York, stated that he would not vote for eight of these members of Congress who had been chosen by general ticket. The House refused to receive the protest; and it was still retained upon the journal as part of the clerk's duty. Debate was had on Wednesday and Thursday on the resolution to meet at 12 and Saturday on a motion by Mr. Gilmer to "engage" the pastor. This was carried on Monday by a vote of 124 to 74.

The Senate has re-elected its old officers—On Monday the following Standing Committees were appointed:

Foreign Relations—Messrs. Arch

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The mark "Free" of the office will be sufficient.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or residence.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, as a compliance of the above terms is considered a new bargain.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep a correct account. We should always give names and time paid for.

Remittances should always state the Post Office command from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

MR. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for the Valley of the Ohio and Mississippi.

MR. JOHN H. POWELL, of St. Louis, Mo.

R. Hammond, T. F. Hunt, Jonathan Knight, Jr.

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John C. Ballestier*, of Boston.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-western States, residing at Natchez, Miss. *Wheeler, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Whipple.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

WILLIAM PRICE is our Travelling Agent for Indiana.

JAMES PRICE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. M. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BELLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE *for January*, 1843, is a most magnificent number indeed. We should have had a sight of it in advance. The embellishments are superb. The leading one is a beautiful lady, Mrs. Sigourney, Nowhere. Ellen, Osgood, Perseus, Aline, and a host of our most popular female authors. We like the idea of a number of the embellishments of "ladies" of whom we had the we can do. But we must say—only—not we may be thought fastidious—that the face and shoulders of one or two of many notices cut indiscriminately from the press.

The present number is the time to subscribe for this magazine. It would make a splendid New Year's gift to your friends. Only $3 a year. Address, post paid, with money enclosed, Louis Godey, Philadelphia, Pa., or Godey, Ladies National. In point of embellishments, variety of general reading, and polite literature, it is unsurpassed by any of the three dollar magazines, and besides, it is the real book of welcome to the ladies. We can call it the Ladies' National in the character, and in good as any one of the kind.—*Hagerstown Mercurypress.*

The editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, as a writer, is unsurpassed: in the tact and judgment she displays, as well as engaged in the conduct of the work, and the neatness of its typographical dress, in general, we have the testimony of the publisher. Mr. Peterson, to furnish under the head of "Literary Notices" in the Saturday Post, a notice of one of the ladies' magazines; and therefore we have given the titles of its contents, working needle work and embroidery, receipts, &c. &c. All of which will enable any lady, or her mother, whether daughter, wife or mother, whose home it should be to enroll in the parlor of all who read and admire. This work is now well worthy a place in every family, and we have no doubt that the next five or six will see it established in the social entertainment to be derived from its perusal.—*Philadelphia Saturday Post.*

YOUTH'S LIBRARY FOR THE PARLOR.—Mr. Alexander V. Parsons, No. 31 Fulton street, N. Y., has in press and upon our table the "Youth's Library for the Parlor." A series of volumes which embrace themselves—especially, we should say, those of a literary character—to the favor of parents, as suitable gifts to the younger branches of their families. The subjects treated of in the volumes before us, are calculated to excite the interest and occupy the attention of children, and will be found to be a pleasing and judicious, to the acquisition of knowledge.

The same publisher has also issued a beautiful edition of "Robinson Crusoe," a work which will ever command a charm for the youthful mind, and which all of us remember to have read, in our turn, with delight.

Mr. Elaine has, in addition to the books just specified, issued a splendid volume entitled "Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity," being a collection of sentences and apothegms from distinguished writers, as selected by Mr. Parsons. To which it is one of the most beautiful little works that has met our view, and the character of its contents is, as may be expected, worthy of the style in which they are presented to the public in a mechanical execution.

THE "CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK," by *Mrs. Jerauld Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton*—This is the third of a progressive series of books for children, the two first of which we have noticed favorably. We can only say that we can repeat in reference of this—that it would seem impossible for a work of the kind to be better. The stories are little ones and women, and in these books they are treated as such. The typography of the work is also of the best binding, all in the best taste. There is nothing in the "good enough for children" look about it—but the publisher, like a sensible man, seems to think that for getting up a work for little children—a neat look for neat little children.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE PARABLES. *For the Use of Children. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Stanley. Philadelphia: J. H. Campbell & Co.*—We have received a copy of a little work reprinted in this country. In England it has gone through and highly deserved success. It is one of the decidedly best on a Sunday School Book, and family conversancy for children, as they are for grown people. Plain and intelligible in its style, it is nevertheless thorough and complete in its explanations. It is conducted in the form of dialogue, children questioning and the instructor and asking their own explanations

REMARKS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *By Henry Lord Brougham. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—Under this heads the remarks on the French Revolution, the volume contains also the concluding portion of the "Statesmen who flourished on the time of George Third. The nature of the author, and the importance of the subject, would alone place this work among the historical standards. We do not mean by this to say that it is free from errors and inaccuracies, but to speak of him as one whose testimony must be taken on all subjects on which he his spoken, is nothing say to his disparagement.

BUDS AND FLOWERS OF LITERARY HOURS.—This is a work very neatly printed for the author, by George B. Lincoln of Boston, and for sale by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. It is made up of the compositions of a trailer whom intimate acquaintance with, has convinced us, that he is one of the perfect that he regains as time year's confinement from the fatal disease which has for it has produced upon him an effect most beneficial. The person—for the book is verse—are very readable productions, and we doubt not will receive a favorable reception from the works of more pretension.

LONDON FASHIONS.—Received, at Publisher's Hall No. 101 Chestnut street, has received by the Acadia, the London "Punch," "Pictorial Times," and "Illustrated News," for January, which we desire to keep and grow by our readers with by consulting Punch, where columns always present a large amount of wit and fun and sense. The engravings which adorn the "Times" and "News" are beautifully executed, and the reading matter commended to each, are diversified and entertaining.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. *By Wm. H. Prescott. Boyle, Harper & Brothers.*—The first volume of this long expected work has just appeared, and fully equals the expectations we had formed of it. In every respect it is superior to the histories of Scott or Robertson, on the same events. A long notice in type is deferred to next week's issue. *Perkins & Purvis* must set the volume.

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—Bertied has sent us a catalogue of the splendid illustrated newspapers which has such firmness to London just now! and a number or two of "Punch" to give the package variety.

ESSAY ON ORGANIC REMAINS. *As Connected with an Ancient Tropical Region of the Earth. By Thos. Old Member of the American Philosophical Society Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—An exceedingly interesting pamphlet, embodying the result of much study and investigation. While the student is geology will find it valuable, the reader who is not thus prepared will be interested, will be amused and startled at the facts collected.

SCIENCE AND SKETCHES. *Philadelphia: Perrin.*—This is a pamphlet containing a series of papers which have appeared from time to time in the columns of the Pennsylvanian. The political part is done in a manner somewhat witty style, and altogether the pamphlet is a most amusing one.

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE AND PICTORIAL—*Letter* has one in a specimen of the style and character of the work. It is very neatly printed, covers about an acre, more or less, in the Pictorial, and very long, often quite long, for a book price. Among the reading matter is an interesting story by W. H. Wills.

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL DEPOT.—We have received an email, a budget of varieties from this well known establishment, but unconscious to particulars and the only way to dispose of the matter is to say, that it this place to the public buying in the periodical and social way can be found.

INFANTRY TACTICS. *Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.*—This is the "fly embassy" book, being published by the War Department under authority of an act of Congress. It is neatly printed and substantially bound.

THE LITTLE RECORDER OF THE CROSS. *Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.*—A little work containing a number of French of Madame Eugenie Foa. It is a pretty little reading book.

THE LAWS OF ETIQUETTE. *By a Gentleman. Hartford.*—A clever little manual which no young man can do the worse for reading—and many may be the better for.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The *December* number of this established and favorite magazine has been received by the Philadelphia publishers, Campbell & Co.

MATILDA.—We are indebted to Bertied for a copy of the three parts of Mrs. Mother's admirable translation of Matilda, by Eugene Sue.

Army & Navy.

☞ That part of the canal survey which relates to the Lake Ontario, Delaware, and Hudson is given in charge of Lieutenant Blake, U. S. N., is now being brought to a close by that gentleman, and his assistants. Mr. Blake is still the survey of the river, both above and below this city, being completed, that part fronting the lake and Schuylkill, the duty will be finally accomplished in a few days.

☞ A dry dock, capable of receiving a ship of the largest class, has been constructed at South Boston, Mass.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, November 11th, 1843.

There is nothing going on just now, either in the political or literary world, that can be considered of importance, or that you will not see in the public papers. I therefore pass over all such matters and silently, merely remarking that the Repeal excitement is here considered to be on the decline. Sir Robert Peel intends, I believe to propose a grant for the permanent allowance to the Catholic clergy, but as yet, it will be opposed by that clergy, as they are protected not to depend on the State. Indeed, they cannot do so consistently, after having so strenuously opposed the union of Church and State, in the case of the Church of England. By not consenting to a proposition which would, they well, I think, have a large party in England in their favor, for, indeed, however pure and excellent a church may be, still it should be remembered that in the 19th century, the time has arrived when true churches should stand aloft, as they ought, on their own merits, and depend on the love of the People. I believe I have before said that I admire your American plan, for the total separation of the Church and State, in another. I have already given you several instances, by way of showing what I really believe to be the case, but I could enumerate a hundred more, all tending to the same point. Such a system would have already, and will have always, a very beneficial influence to the Catholic clergy, but as it will be opposed by that clergy, as they are protected not to depend on the State,

Selected Poetry.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

Here, in this lonely house, where first I saw thee
I come to mourn, beneath the starry night,
To gaze once more, through straggling trees, upon thee,
And think on days that never more return!
I turn not longer none than as a brother:
I feel my passion but as one will feel
Here could I hope my passionate thought to smother,
Or from my heart the fatal secret steal.

But vain both wish'd by the decree is spoken:
Now life may heighten not its sweet effect
Now life may heighten not its sweet effect
Nor death destroy the ties that once were broken:
Here on her clasp'd hands all in Heaven's sight,
Yes, then with thee be mine, by you blue Heaven
There are no distinctions of rank or station,
Or, poor unprincipled to such are given,
Here all are equal—here that love we crown.
Unto betrayed.

A glorious charter, blessed be then that solace!
The gift of angels unto thee belongs;
Then breathe thy love in words, heal thy spirit
May whisper it no more than once your tongue,
And though my waking life must remain lonely,
The dearest spots that which my steps will flee,
Yet, then shall then with wild enthusiasm glow,
My heart will triumph if there ever but tremble
Still true to me.

Yet, not when we are lowest the light exposes
To others' eyes the secret of the heart,
Nor waves the young bee unto the crimson rose,
Nor the fair lily to the sunbeam's dart,
Nor when the tender heart pours forth its load,
And the full soul with genuine love is fraught,
Does not that love with more than passion's wonder,
And, thrilled with love, open my memory ponder
With tender thought.

And when at times thy look-like roses entrances
The heart thus flowing with your enchanted joy,
If I am near thee, let the glad glances
That gentle presence in my heart convey;
I ask but these—happier can less taken
From my lips but the chaste kiss which, made it dear
I ask but this, and promise thee, confident,
To use that look of love—that child. I will awaken
Such rapture here.

And now, farewell! farewell! I dare not lengthen
Those sweet sad moments out: to gaze on thee
Is bliss indeed, yet it be seen is sweetness
The love which now unseen to agony!
To me and thee what may be left of parting,
To me would be death, and we must part, yet,
My soul will ever be with thine in spirit meeting,
Or oh by or by, while pulse is pulse of meeting,
And heart to heart.

Farewell! farewell! oh thou dearest of creation!
All, were the world to me engulfed in woe,
Within could fate in its dire malice throw
Yet oh, remember, though all mute above
Thy current thought, and, when by distance parted,
Twill be upon our hearts, a holy spell,
For the sad vision formed by life late united
And I—like we both are broken hearted—dead.
Farewell!

AMELIA

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HIS HONOR, JUDGE MANCUS, AUTHOR OF
HENRI QUATRE, OR, THE DAYS
OF THE LEAGUE.

"Mercy, father, mercy!" cried Jacob Milbourne, "and for the Protestant religion!"

"Mercy, indeed!" replied Leisler, "I have none for you. Though one speak ill
Of him, none will
Say 'twas there's an end."

—Shakespeare's Yotage.

CHAPTER XII.

On the night of the fourteenth, Wilford Lovel retired to his sleeping quarters at the Wonder House, in better spirits than Leisler's family passed several hours at the fort, and he had asserted the ladies across the East river, on their way to the late commandant's farm on Long Island, which was now preferred to the Long's Street, as being more secluded from the bustle and noise, the shouting, enquiries and attentions of neighbors, Slaughter's reception of Maurice Leisler and cheering, and the rumors of the civic banquet, and intended journey to Albany, on the following day, brought no interval of peace, and of might be turned to the prisoner's advantage.

At day-break Wilford's chamber-door was flung open, and Grace rushed in, frantic as a mad-woman, holding him some instantly—she was summoned by Governor Leisler's messenger, she said, hurried her. A scaffold was erecting outside the fort, and she believed—though she knew not how to trust the evidence of her senses—the prisoners would shortly be executed. Without waiting his reply, the second damsel rushed from the chamber, the first, more asleep than awake, threw himself from his couch, and ran to the window; the sun was beginning to fall heavily, and ascended the light of breakingday. He hastily equipped himself, and ran down stairs—to meet the morning news from his sister, that they had not long to live. Accompanying the messenger as he fled, he met, at each step, alarming evidences of the terrible catastrophe. A hot sultry night had aroused nature's resentments, and the long-brewing storm descended in torrents; but spite of the deluge, the sudden rumor of the execution brought from every quarter inhabitants of both sexes, and of all ages, anxious to gaze for the time, on their unseen beloved governor.

When led into the presence of the prisoners he stood wildly on the zealous attendants by whom they were surrounded [Domine Selyns, Hendrick Jansen, and the other two burgher] exclaiming:—Was there no stay for such murder? Where was the brutal governor, and in the mere practice of enemies, without warrant?"

"There has been no governor in the fort, young man, since yesterday noon," said the pastor Selyns, "but thy frantic grief will but distress my poor friends—desist, I pray thee, and hope, or we should not need the prompting."

But Maurice Leisler, and Nicolas, exclaimed Lovel, clasping his hands. "where are they? Will they deny men the Christian rite of taking leave of their families."

Wilford," said Leisler, breaking from Hendrick Jansen, and coming forward, "they have not that, thank God! to answer to! Neither may we ourselves; could bear a parting, was I am sure Elsie could not. We have known, we have some hours, but I would not have sent for—till the last—for even then but a touch of woman's weakness in thee."

We shall meet our fate as becomes us, said Milbourne, grasping the hand of his friend, but when you return to Albany—if you find not your sovereign's a-room—let him know the destiny of men who have served him truly."

At this instant, the sheriff, Fimborne, entered and calling Sir Lawrence aside, inquired if his friends were prepared.

The sooner the hour of misery is over, the better. We are ready," exclaimed Leisler who overheard the question.

Bidding him attend further—for they knew he could not hear the scene—the father of Leisler and his son-in-law, fled the apartment.

What we had to say on business matters we committed to paper, in custody of Mr. De Lancy," said Leisler, "and should nothing else had been take care of Kiggs—and of Clara Milbourne—Nicolas will make a good wife—brother."

But even stout Governor Leisler's firmness forsook him, as he bounded near to the side of husband and father. He turned away, and following the steps of Milbourne, strike at a room-chamber, accompanied by the sheriff and train. Wilford was left alone to feel the stupified with grief at the unexpected stroke.

The sun had not yet risen, when the gates of the hostrance had increased in fury. It was one of those storms peculiar to America, unknown in Europe, lightning flashing through the watery curtain, with sudden and ghastly glare, the whole of the horizon, and then a awful thunder overhead, the people pressed from their houses, imagining the end of the world—some invoking blessings on their heads—others offering fine impressions on their muscles. Jacob Leisler, the man whom they had so lately oppressed—he was now the object of brotherhood, and negligence of the duties, under which the colony labored, was now, in their fears, a calamity! Have, too, they reasoned, that